

*The History of*

*Fals.* Do so, for it is worth the listening to, these nine in Buckrom, that I told thee of.

*Prin.* So, two more already.

*Fals.* Their poynts being broken.

*Poy.* Downe fell his hose.

*Fal.* Began to give me ground, but I followed me close, came in foot & hand, and with a thought, seven of the eleven I paid.

*Pr.* O monstrous eleven buckrom-men growne out of two! *Fa.* But as the diuel would have it, three mis-begotten knaves, in *Kendall* greene, came at my backe, and let drive at me, so it was so darke, *Hall*, that thou couldst not see thy hand.

*Prin.* These lyes are like the father that begets them, grosse as a mountaine, open, palpable. Why, thou clay-brain'd guts, thou knotty-pated foole, thou horson obscene greasie tallow catch

*Fals.* What? art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth the truth?

*Prin.* Why, how couldst thou know these men in *Kendall* greene, when it was so darke thou couldst not see thy hand? come tell us your reason. What sayst thou to this?

*Poy.* Come, your reason, *Iacke*, your reason.

*Fals.* What, upon compulsion? Zounds, and I were at the strappado, or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulsion. Give you a reason on compulsion? if reasons were as plenty as black-berries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion, I.

*Prin.* I'll be no longer guilty of this fiene. This sanguine coward, this bed-prester, this horse-back-breaker, this huge hill of flesh.

*Fals.* Zblood you starueling, you elfskinne, you dried neat-tongue, buls pizzle, you stock-fish: O for breath to utter what is like thee? you taylors-yard, you sheath, you bow-case, you vile standing tucke.

*Pr.* Well, breathe a while, and then to it againe, & when thou hast tired thy selfe in base comparisons, heare me speake but this.

*Poy.* Marke, *Iacke*.

*Pri.* We two saw you foure set on foure and bound them & were masters of their wealth: mark now how a plain tale shall put you downe: then did we two set on you foure, and with a word

*Henry the Fourth.*

word, outface'd you from prize, and have it, yea, and can shew it you here in the house: and *Falstaffe*, you carried your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, & roared for mercy, & still run & roare, as ever I heard Bul-calf. What a slave art thou to hacke thy sword as thou hast done, and then say it was in fight? what trick? what device? what starting hole canst thou now finde out, to hide thee from this open & apparant shame?

*Poy.* Come lets heare, *Iacke*, what trick? hast thou now?

*Fals.* By the Lord, I knew yee as well as he that made yee. Why heare you masters, was it for me, to kill the Heire apparant? should I turne upon the true Prince? Why, thou knowest I am as valiant as *Hercules*: but beware instinct, the Lyon will not touch the true Prince, instinct is a great matter. I was a coward on instinct, I shall thinke the better of my selfe, and thee, during my life; I, for a valiant Lion, and thou for a true Prince: but by the Lord, Lads, I am glad you have the money. Hostesse clap to the doores, watch to night, pray to-morrow: Gallants, Lads, Boyes, Hearts of gold, all the titles of good fellowship cometo you. What, shall we be merry? shall we have a Play extempore?

*Prin.* Content, and the argument shall be, thy running away.

*Fals.* A no more of that *Hal*, & thou louest me. Enter Hostesse  
*Hof.* O Jesu, my Lord the Prince!

*Prin.* How now my Lady the Hostesse, what saist thou to me?

*Hof.* Marry, my L. there is a noble man of the court, at doore, would speake with you: he sayes he comes from your father.

*Prin.* Give him as much as will make him a Royall man, and send him backe againe to my mother.

*Fals.* What manner of man is he?

*Hof.* An old man.

*Fal.* What doth gravity out of his Bed at mid-night? Shall I give him his answer?

*Prin.* Prethee doe, *Iacke*.

*Fal.* Fayth, and I'll send him packing.

*Prin.* Now sirs: bir lady you fought faire, so did you *Peto*, so did you *Bardol*, you are Lyons too, you ran away upon instinct, you will not touch the true Prince, no, fie.

*Bar.* Faith, I ran when I saw others runne.

E

Prince.